

and facilities and also processes applications for vacations and weekend rest periods at Allegheny Lodge.

Resident manager of the lodge is Ward Cleek. He is a native of Pocahontas County and resides at the lodge with his wife and son Ronnie. Cleek formerly served as postmaster at Minnehaha Springs. Mrs. Cleek is the former Miss Rachel Curry of Marlinton.

A large garden provides fresh vegetables and much of the produce for the lodge menu. Meat and other products are purchased in Marlinton. All expenses in con-

ditions say, we still admit that Rolls-Royces aren't exactly as thick as commodity trucks.

But a reader of ours, who says he never drinks to excess, wants us to look into the matter of a hillbilly girl in a Rolls-Royce and driving it through these hills. He leaves us these notes.

"The girl's name is Gigi Dafee. Her great great-grandfather Johnny Hill lived in Marlinton one hundred years ago. He was a large landowner and sold all the land of little levels, the area of the Pearl Buck house, for a dollar an acre. Hillsboro was named

for Hill, or maybe great-granddaughter. Gigi came to Marlinton in her Rolls-Royce to visit her mother. When I saw her, I was reading a copy of Hillbilly. She knew of the paper, and knew of the Pearl Buck House program.

"Gigi spent early years in West Virginia, did professional dancing and modeling in Pittsburgh at 14 years. Then went to New York and to Hollywood at 22. She has modeled such things as White Rain and Nylon. Really some chick. Wrecks our poverty image. Good idea to get rid of her quickly."

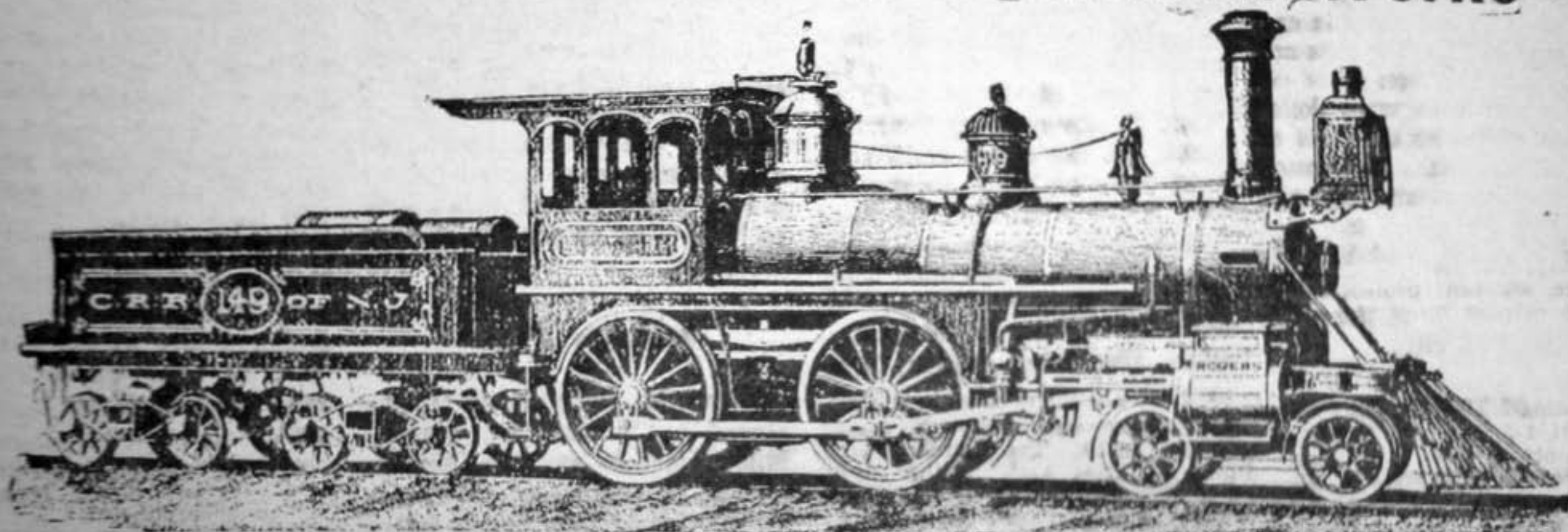


## You Read All About Her— Now Meet Phoebe Parsons

We have told you about Phoebe Parsons, how she came pert'nigh ruining West Virginia's image at the World Fair. Well, we have been sent three pictures of the lady in action somewhat and pass them along to music lovers or to mashers of image smashers. First, she's alone with her banjo. Next, she poses with fiddler Johnny Booker at Galax, Virginia. Lastly, she is with an unidentified friend.



# The Rogers Locomotive and Machine Works



Of PATERSON, N. J. New York Office, 44 EXCHANGE PLACE.

MANUFACTURERS OF

**LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES AND TENDERS,  
AND OTHER RAILROAD MACHINERY.**

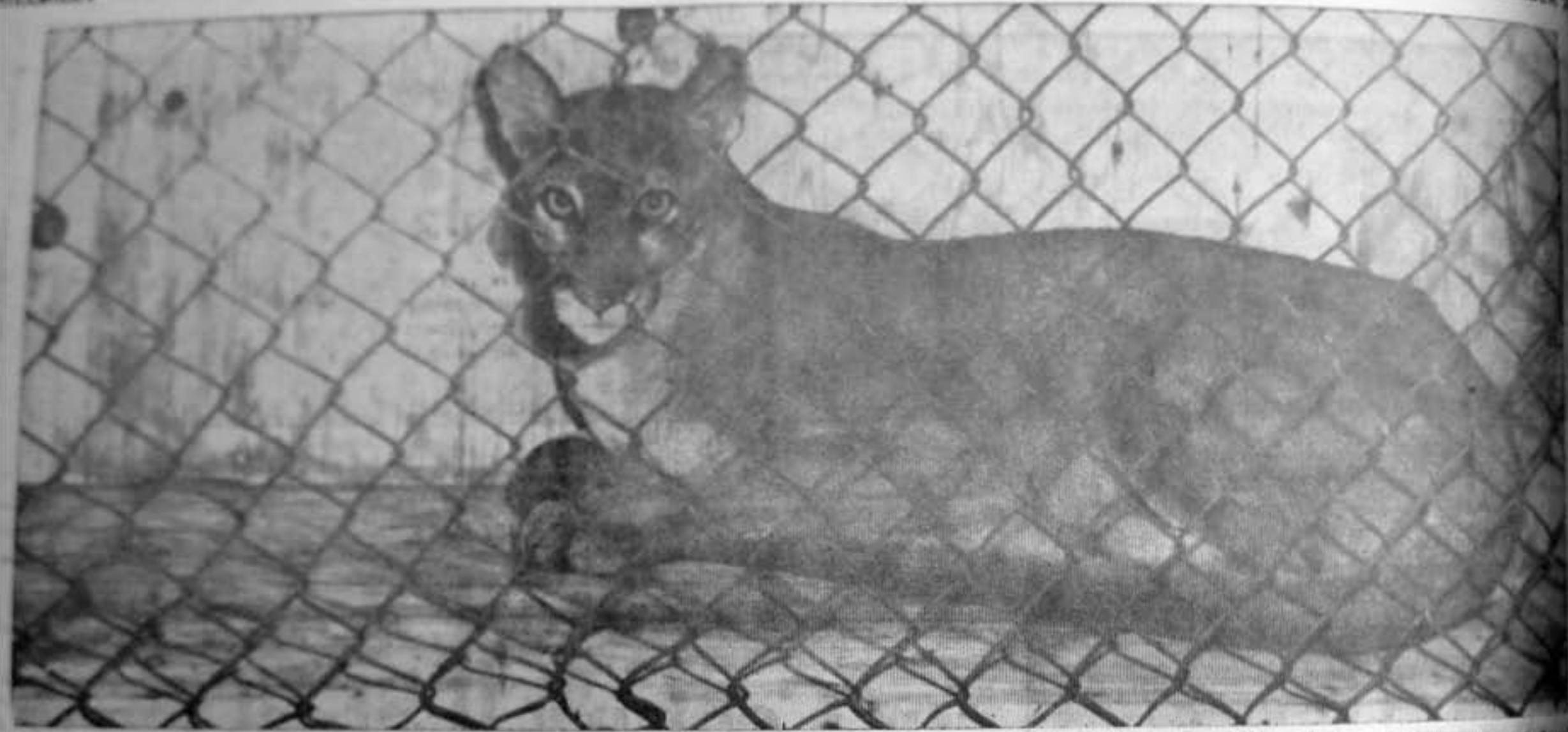
J. S. ROGERS, Pres't,  
R. S. HUGHES, Sec'y,  
WM. S. HUDSON, Sup't,

PATERSON, N. J.

ROBT. S. HUGHES, Treas.,

44 Exchange Place, New York.





This is the way that horrendous, but innocent, panther looked the day we brought in from Kennison Mountain. Read this unbelievable story in the Comstock Lead.

## Ghosts of Mannington

Fred H. Millan and  
a Husky wrote in 1942  
of Their Town in the  
Days Long Gone.

It is 60 years ago Man-  
nington easily and appro-  
priately been called Jones.  
First and last there have

youth he partly overcame his disappointment by now and then cutting down the ears of his fellow townsmen with his fists. He was a good neighbor and well liked in spite of one or two rough habits. He is remembered as one of Mannington's best "oil country" teamsters.

Another Frank Jones was around here for a while working around the B & O freight office. Little is remembered about him except that he was a brother of Zeb Jones who was B & O agent

## A Slow Burn

Compiled By  
J. HOLT BYRNE

It probably isn't true, but I've heard the story of the country gal who came to town and in the process of "shopping" became slightly tipsy.

Deciding to get weighed, she dropped a nickel in a parking meter and watched the indicator go to 60.

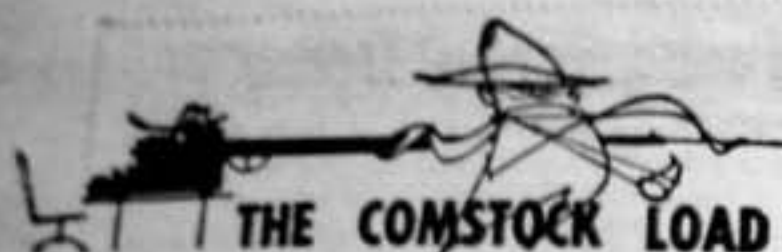
"Oh, my goodness," she gasped, "Thish is terrible. I've lost 100 pounds."

Burt sees activity in a new shade. Investigation reveals Jones, his knee neatly bandaged, busily fashioning with his pocket knife a sturdy crutch from one of the large limbs of the tree.

Special  
Autu



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(From Page 1)

Ed told my doctor friend. "Why one of those fellows got loose in Virginia some years ago, and killed hundreds of sheep before they got him." So, there would be no chances taken on that. The doctor and Ed would drive the twenty or so miles up to the top of Kennison, and they would unload the box and put it in some barrel bushes and they'd come back to town. Then Ed would come up to my house, knock on the door, and scream out, "Jim get your camera quick. I have trapped and caged a panther on top of Kennison Mountain."

They filled me in on the plans. I would get some fellows off the paper, Bronson and Fred Ferguson. People we could trust. And then we'd get a couple of fellows about town who were hunters and who always saw eye to eye with Cal Price about panthers being on Kennison Mountain. But we wouldn't let them in on it . . . yet. The panther would be brought back to town and put on exhibition.

"We need money for the fire department," Ed said. "We need seventeen hundred dollars, and contributions are nil. This way we can put a sign over the panther saying he was captured on Kennison Mountain, which isn't too much of a lie, and charge admission. When we get enough money, we'll let the public in on the truth and we'll all have a big laugh and then we'll decide what to do with Mr. Panther."

And my job? I was to write it straight from what happened from the time Ed would break in at my door with the words, "Jim, get your camera quick. I have trapped and caged a panther on top of Kennison Mountain . . ." And then when it was all over, I could go from there backwards. So, I decided to string along. After all it wasn't really a lie I'd be telling, and if it were, I'd have a chance to straighten it out later.

So I went home and the two men, now made fast friends by the commanding flattery of the hunting section, drove off in a slight drizzle to Kennison Mountain with the strange story from south of the border. Couple hours or so later there's a knock on the door. It's Ed. He says, "Jim, get your camera quick. I have trapped and caged a panther on top of Kennison Mountain . . ."

I said, "Cal it Ed, she knows." And my wife said, "Yeah, I know, and one of these times you fellows are going to get a panther by the tail and won't be home."

which shares space with the fire department, and stopped. Pickle Spencer the policeman came out of the building.

"What you got there, Ed?" he asked.

Ed told him. Pickle sat down on the steps that led to the mayor's office. He said, "Gee whiz."

Russ Landacre, who maintained the radio watch for the police, came down the steps. He wanted to know what Ed had. Pickle told him. A couple of other fellows joined in. Russ and Pickle told them about it. I noticed that Ed seemed grateful for people to do the explaining.

We all wondered what to do with a panther in the middle of a town and the middle of the night. Somebody said we needed an undertaker's rough box. Bronson and I took the truck and got Mansel White out of bed. We asked him if we could borrow a rough box. Mansel knows us well enough not to ask questions. He threw the keys at us and told us where to go. I think it was Pickle who said the next thing was a cut of cyclone fence wire, and in no time at all he emerged out of the dark with enough to cover the top of the rough box. We nailed it on, taking turns pounding or stretching the wire. We left a couple of feet un-nailed and brought the un-nailed section up against the panther box and knocked some strips off the end. Russ Landacre punched the panther with a yardstick and he lunged forward into the rough box and we grabbed the wire and nailed it down.

Now, the beast was in a cage. And soon the cage was in the fire department room with the big red truck. And soon there was a big sign outside saying, "See the panther captured on Kennison Mountain 25c."

Sterling and I walked up the hill to our respective beds. Sterling said there was something wrong with the whole blamed thing, but he didn't know what. I pressed him for details. He said he didn't know what it was, but there was something that didn't jell. I suggested whatever it was to let me know.

I didn't get but an hour or so sleep, as it was Wednesday, paper day, and I had to do the panther story from the minute Ed came to the house and the time the admission sign was lettered. I had my story done by seven o'clock and started out for a cup of coffee, when Sterling came in.

"You know, Jim," he said. "I haven't slept a bit. Neither did Windy. And you know what Windy got up and did at daybreak? He went up on Kennison Mountain, and you know what he saw? Nothing. No weeds or sprouts broken down by a struggle. No signs of a struggle. Yet Ed says he trapped it and caged it, and yet he hasn't a scratch. And another thing, I examined that box. It has hamburger in the bottom of it. And another thing, did you see Ed using the hammer last night? A man who uses a hammer that way, on't

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I said, "Cut it Ed, she knows." And my wife said, "Yeah, I know, and one of these times you fellows are going to get a panther by the tail and can't let loose."

Brother, has she got premonition!

I called Bronson and David Cook and Fred Ferguson and filled them all in. I told them we needed help, and could they suggest a couple of good woodsmen who would be good sports when they found out they had been duped. Somebody suggested Sterling Spencer. He lived across the street. I called him over.

"Ed, you tell him about it," I said.

And Ed told him how he had trapped this giant panther, and had gone to town for boards and tools and built a box right there, and put him in it. "He's in it right now."

Sterling sat down quick. All these years he had believed there were panthers left in the Appalachians. Or hoped there were. And now like old Simeon of the Bible, he could depart because he had seen the glory. And for a minute I thought he would indeed depart. He sat there saying "Shucks," and when my wife offered him a cup of coffee, he said, "Coffee at a time like this, when history is being made!"

We asked him to suggest another to go along, and he said Windy Grose. He said Windy had always declared there were panthers on Kennison. So Windy was called. He listened to the story that Ed told and after a bit of silence, said, "Come on, let's go."

And we went. We went through a rain in a car and a truck and we pulled into the woods by a laurel bush to where the box was hidden, but not any too well. As I approached it, I picked up a handful of soil and rubbed over the stenciled, "Careful, Wild Animal."

Sterling put his eye to the hole on top and flashed a light through a crack. He jumped back and he sat down. "It's a panther all right," he said.

It was late, luckily so, when we arrived in town. We pulled down the alley to the back of the city hall,

pressed him for details. He said he didn't know what it was, but there was something that didn't jell. I suggested whatever it was to let me know.

I didn't get but an hour or so sleep, as it was Wednesday, paper day, and I had to do the panther story from the minute Ed came to the house and the time the admission sign was lettered. I had my story done by seven o'clock and started out for a cup of coffee, when Sterling came in.

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He sat there puzzled. I thought he was going to cry. I suggested that we string along with Ed and see what it is all about. Just keep our eyes open, I said.

Sterling said, "I have known Ed all my life. He taught me in school. If he says he trapped that panther and put it in that box, he did. That's all there is to it. He did. But I don't see how."

I advised watching and waiting and went after my coffee.

I wasn't prepared for what I saw up the street, and asked somebody if there'd been an accident. "Accident?" the man said, "Accident? Why Ed Buck caught a panther up on Kennison Mountain and brought it in to town. Costs you a quarter to see it."

I tried to get through the crowd and had to pay a quarter to look at that pesky thing. A man from the forestry service was talking to a crowd. "I don't know where it came from. All I know is it's a panther."

Mary Critchfield, who taught school and moonlighted on the Beckley Post Herald, was talking to Ed Buck about the panther. He was terribly preoccupied with something and was talking tersely. I had the feeling it was getting increasingly difficult to bear up under the story. But the crowd's size assured him it wouldn't be long until we could make a clean face of it. When Mary left, I moved up to Ed and whispered what would I do if the papers started calling me, as they invariably call local editors first. He said to tell them to talk with him. He'd take care of it.

When I got to the shop, a girl was holding the phone for me. It was the Daily Mail. The man wanted to know if I knew anything about the panther. Only what I was told by Ed Buck, I said. Call him, I told the reporter. Twenty minutes, maybe half an hour later

SEPTEMBER 26, 1960

they called back. What the man said knocked me off my feet. "Ed Buck said that all he would tell us was that the panther came from Kennison Mountain, only it was there in a box. He said you might be able to tell us something."

Later, after the hoax was revealed, Windy Gross explained Ed Buck. He was just a lousy liar. Windy said. And I guess that was it. He could tell his friends and buddies that he trapped the panther and like Superman, put it into its cage without getting a scratch, knowing he could unravel it later. But to have the falsehood carried to the entire world via a daily newspaper was too much. I, of course, was caught with my own panther down, so to speak. So I came as clean as I could. I told the Daily Mail reporter that the story was a hoax, but it wasn't my hoax, that I was merely caught up in the front wash of it. I could see that the Daily Mail didn't believe me. Their story that afternoon reflected it.

That afternoon the Charleston Gazette called. I don't remember how this call took the turn it did, but the Gazette reporter reminded me that there was a certain connecting interlude of reciprocal ethics between one paper and another. Like a dentist fixing another dentist's teeth, at cost or no charge at all. That meant that if I had a hoax I should share it, and if they had a hoax they would share it with me. I saw the ethics of such conduct, but I explained that the entire thing, admittedly a hoax, still wasn't my hoax and I told them the entire story, all except identifying the doctor. But that identification was what they wanted — and needed — more than anything else because so far it was my story. If they could get him on the phone, they would know for sure that I was



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It wasn't very long after I hung up that the Gazette called again. The reporter, I don't remember who he was now, said that they had discovered the identity of the doctor and had talked with him and he would permit me to divulge his name. I told them I would call back, and hung up, and got the doctor on the phone.

"I haven't talked to anybody about the panther, much less a reporter. Whatever you do, don't let it out that I am in on this. I am a doctor, and I don't know what would happen to my profession. This thing is getting in deeper and deeper. Please, keep me out of it."

So I called the Gazette back and told them no go, that I had just talked with the doctor and he denied talking with them. The next morning the Gazette punished me but good. They decided that if I could have a hoax, they would have a hoax to out-hoax the hoax. Their story — I wish I had kept one for my-  
they had it on good



## the Hills

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files, which I didn't — said that they had it on good  
authority that Jim Comstock had been on a hunting  
trip to Wyoming — I think it was Wyoming — and  
had brought back a panther and was now using it as a  
money-making gimmick for the Richwood fire depart-  
ment while claiming that it was captured on Kennison  
Mountain.

That did it, of course. The blame shifted from  
the doctor, and from Ed, and was now on my shoulders.  
I denied it in my paper, but the Charleston pa-  
pers would take no retraction. From there things got  
fuzzy and I don't recall the events that transpired or  
the sequence of them. I just know that there never  
was a madder town than Richwood, nor, on the other  
hand, a more joyous one. There were two camps of  
emotion. One group, always convinced that there  
were panthers on Kennison, now was angry and blew  
One doctor in the town, who went about paying  
...kids just to show the panthers on Kennison



fuzzy and I don't recall the events that transpired nor the sequence of them. I just know that there never was a madder town than Richwood, nor, on the other hand, a more joyous one. There were two camps of emotion. One group, always convinced that there were panthers on Kennison, now was angry and bitter. One doctor in the town, who went about paying the admission of countless kids just to show the physical manifestation of his firm belief in panthers on Kennison, took to his bed and stayed four days or more. The other school of thought laughed until their sides split.

It was on the third day that I appeared as a speaker before the Carbide Expiditers Club in South Charleston, and the talk there was of a Carbide worker, a Mr. Free, who declared in the Gazette that he had possibly seen the very panther in the fastness of Kennison one night a year or so before. I don't recall this story exactly, but I know that he was the butt of much ribbing among his fellow Carbiders. While I was in Charleston on this engagement, Bronson found himself squarely in the middle of a mob that was ready to tear Ed Buck limb from limb, had already impeached him as president of the fire department and they themselves were resigning. Bronson

(Turn to Page 12)

# THE COMSTOCK LOAD

(From Page 16)

them that he and I would assume all blame, that Ed was free of any guilt.

I haven't told the story. I couldn't in a million years tell how torn the town of Richwood was over this singular episode. Letters came in by the hundred from outsiders, most of them angrily written. One from a minister friend warned Bronson and me to get down on our respective knees and ask forgiveness. As the days went on, the anger piled up and only the most joyous took the hoax in its stride and strung along.

And a problem developed. The panther was slowly starving. He would merely squint and look dour when we handed him a hamburger or a nice leg of lamb or chicken. A man from Warden Lane's office told us why. Panthers kill and eat; they must smell the blood to know their food is right.

One man said he could fix that up. He had some mentally deficient rabbits in his back yard, and some old retired setting hens. If we wanted them, okay. Ed Buck told him to bring some to the fire department and we'd give them a try.

This would have worked out if Pickle Spencer, who volunteered to do the feeding chore, had remembered to lock the door. As he pushed a big fat hen through an improvised hole in the mesh wire, that hungry panther put forth one paw quicker than greased lightning and within a flash that old hen was fricasseed and stowed away. But, as I said, Pickle forgot to lock that door, and so intent were all the bystanders on seeing Mr. Panther eat his first meal, that they didn't hear the door open. In the doorway, observing this was one of the town's doctors — I will keep his name out of it, as doctors have too much in this story.

The doctor took one look and screamed out to

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the chief of police. "Shoot it and get it out of its misery. Pickle."

Pickle turned around. "Shoot what, doctor?"

"Shoot that chicken. Stop its suffering."

But there was no use to shoot. That old hen was beyond this world of troubles. The doctor said that never in his life had he seen anything so savage and cruel. Pickle told him if he didn't want to see it, clear out. After all he wasn't invited and besides how did he figure that panthers and other wild creatures got their food in the woods.

The doctor said this wasn't the woods and that he immediately was phoning the nearest chapter of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and left in a huff and on the run.

I knew it was time that I made a phone call too. I called the superintendent at the Game Farm at French Creek. I asked them if they wanted a panther for their collection, and the man said they sure did. I called my hoaxing doctor, and he said he supposed it was all I could do. But he had a last request, would I make the man who came for him sign a paper that when the panther died he was to send the pelt to me, and I was to see that the doctor got it.

"Just keep me out of it," he said.

About midnight the game farm man came in a pickup truck and Ed Buck came down and helped us load it on. There was no ceremony of departure. There was a drizzle of rain, just like the night, only a few tempestuous nights ago, that the Panther had come down from the hills. We warned the man about the panther's eating habits.

"We can take care of that. We freeze the meat right when it is killed, and the blood is there. That's a panther's way of knowing," the man said. And he drove away through the night and out of our lives.

Ed showed me a letter from the University of

Pittsburgh. They wanted their Panthers. He showed have supported our fire. we could have kept the

But I think Ed would go. And he did raise the of money for that season quarters and went home the headlights of the fire his feet solidly on the business.

That was the end ever, that the panther apparently contented as seen any day, can't take

That was the end doctor. Some months up and said for me not into the office all bug Sputnik on Kennison

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I said, "I know on Kennison Mountain"

"Yeah, how'd you"

I told him I had photographer with him week with a non-al doctor was finished v year later he called.

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1947

Pittsburgh. They wanted to rent our panther to im-  
their Panthers. He shook his head. "We sure  
have supported our fire department down the years,  
we could have kept that fellow," he said.

But I think Ed was happy in a way to see  
go. And he did raise the fire company's needed amount  
of money for that season. I left the fire department  
quarters and went home. I noticed that Ed was standing  
the headlights of the fire truck. I knew he had lost  
his feet solidly on the ground through this way  
business.

That was the end of the story. I am glad, how-  
ever, that the panther, who is chubby and fat, and  
apparently contented at the Game Farm, and can be  
seen any day, can't talk.

That was the end of the panther, but not the  
doctor. Some months later, maybe a year, he called  
up and said for me not to be alarmed if somebody walked  
into the office all bug-eyed and says that he found a  
Sputnik on Kennison Mountain.

"I left it there yesterday," he said.

That was during the time of the Russian launch-  
ing when people expected most anything. Soon a man  
came in all excited. He could hardly talk. "I found  
a . . ."

I said, "I know. You found a Russian Sputnik  
on Kennison Mountain."

"Yeah, how'd you know?"

I told him I had a sixth news sense. I sent a  
photographer with him and we carried the picture that  
week with a non-alarming caption, and hoped the  
doctor was finished with his ideas. But he wasn't. A  
year later he called.

"Jim," he said. "How do you think the people  
up there would react toward a radium find on Ken-  
son Mountain? It just happens . . ."

I hung up.

(Picture Page 18)



and Fabrica-  
tional Highway  
Haulers.

## FINANCE THREE





# A Parody on Methuselah By The Welfare State

I never heard of this Methuselah,  
bird

Ever gathering his food from a plate,  
It seems likely to me he sat under  
a tree

Where the forage was found that  
he ate,

Without dentist or "Doc" or regard  
for the clock

Old Methuse evidently was lusty  
Though there wasn't a school, he was  
nobody's fool

And his intelect never was rusty.  
But if I only knew what Methuselah  
did chew

At an age when the rest of us dodder,  
I'd be starting a store, with  
promotion galore

Just to market Methuselah Fodder. |

# Wants To Know What Color Curtin Was Painted

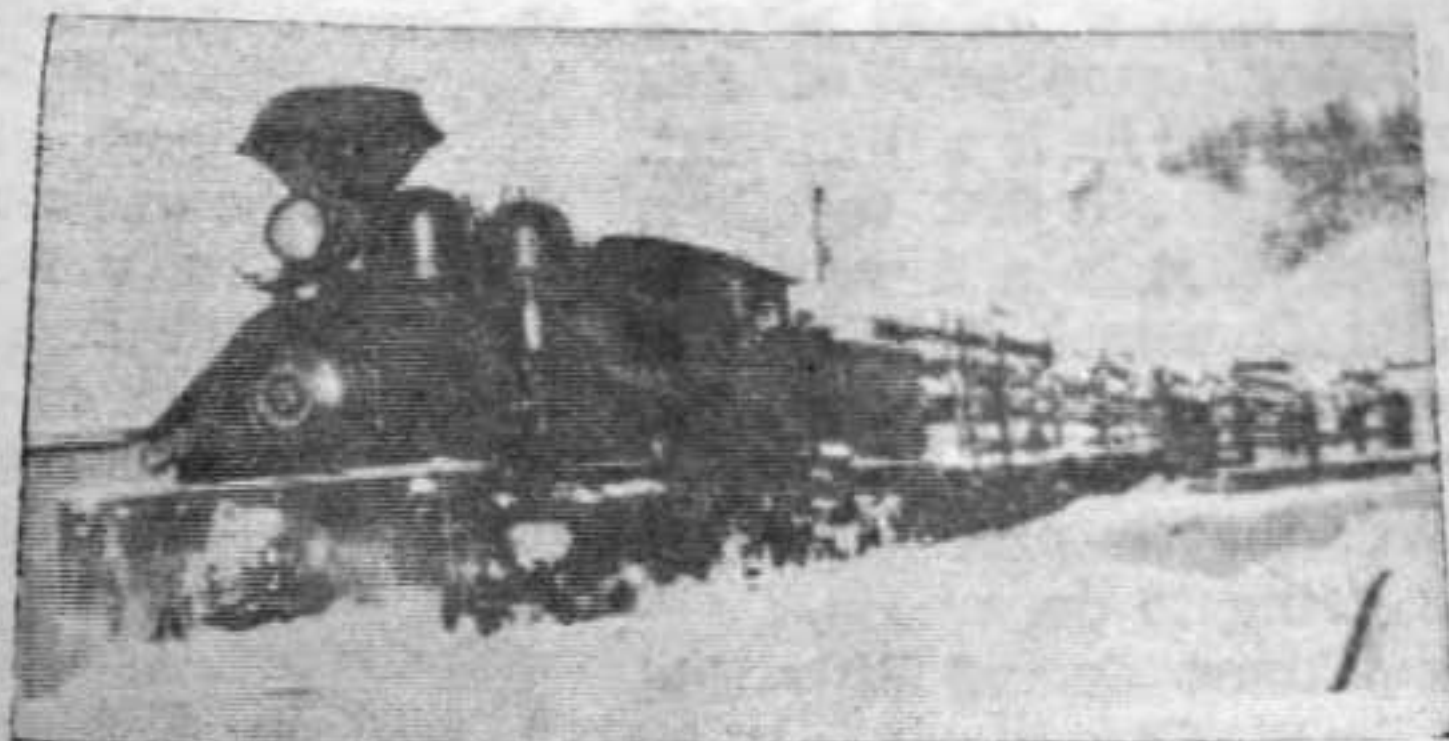
Paul J. Poling, Assistant Curtin Lumber Co. sawmill at Curtin, W. Va., was painted in the early 1900's? I'm not even sure it was painted and it occurred to me that perhaps you may know. Time is of prime importance and would appreciate any help The living standards of the you can give."

Rush your answer to Mr. Poling, please.

... What color the Pardee-



# Cass Railroad Got Steam From Comstock



## Did You Ever Read

I want to send Jim Comstock  
ed by three volunteer work-  
e with the assistance of the  
I from a perusal of the files.  
eir contributions, feel that  
erage elected Congressman,  
r the state of West Virginia  
s JIM COMSTOCK STORY  
ington. If more copies are  
or Congress Headquarters,

Everybody who has ever  
been to Cass to ride the fam-  
ous Cass tourist railroad  
thanks Jim Comstock whether  
he knows it or not.

Without the untiring ef-  
forts of Jim Comstock and  
his paper, the West Virginia  
Hillbilly, the Cass Railroad  
would now be scrap iron to-  
day.

The beginning of the road  
goes back to a steam fan from  
Pennsylvania by the name of  
Ralph Baum. He found out  
that the Cass Railroad had  
been sold for junk.

and this JIM COMSTOCK STORY  
Washington. If more copies are  
ck for Congress Headquarters,

Brud Warner

Don Springer

Dave Browne

## Did Life of Christ In Newspaper Style

Jim Comstock has been convinced that most of our ills in this world would go applied the principles of Christianity to our lives, our works, and our politics.

Out of that conviction came one of the strangest Christmas papers this country has ever seen, and one that can be found even in foreign libraries.

This was his and Bronson McClung's celebrated "Life of Christ in Newspaper Style."

Jim Comstock explains the reason for it, in this way: "I rather feel that the youngsters of today don't get the story of Christ, as they don't read the Bible any too much. I decided upon a kind of journalistic Oberamergau, a newspaper which would tell the story of Christ in a living way  
(Turn to Page 9)

Pennsylvania by the name of Ralph Baum. He found out that the Cass Railroad had been sold for junk.

He came to Bill Sperry of the El Poca restaurant and motel in Marlinton. He told Bill that the state was depriving itself of its greatest tourist attraction.

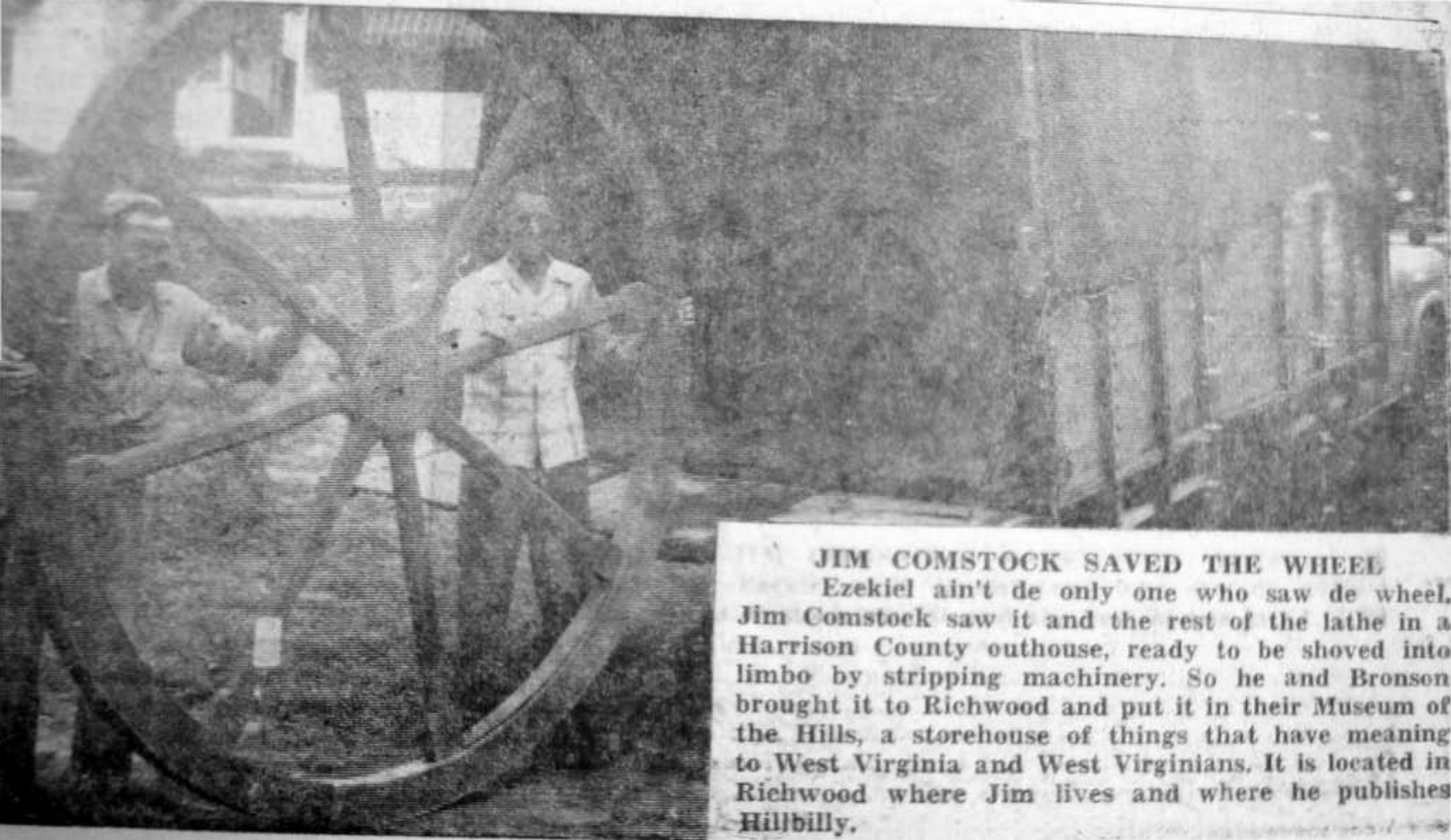
Bill Sperry told Baum to see Jim Comstock. "He's the man who does things for West Virginia," Sperry said.

So Baum came to Comstock, and Comstock went straight to the legislature. That was the opening day. Things were timed right. He got hold of Delegate J. C. Cruikshanks. They went to the Governor's mansion. The Governor told them to see Warden Lane. That put the wheels in order.

But that wasn't all there was to it. People like Tom Edgar and Jack Kane and Carl Gainer got back of it, and they pushed and ramrodded the thing through until there was a start, and . . . well, you know what the railroad means to the people of West Virginia. It not only has given them new enthusiasm, but it has brought a lot of money into West Virginia.

But as we started off with, when the rider gets off the train in great glee, he is giving an unconscious thanks to Jim Comstock.





### JIM COMSTOCK SAVED THE WHEEL

Ezekiel ain't de only one who saw de wheel. Jim Comstock saw it and the rest of the lathe in a Harrison County outhouse, ready to be shoved into limbo by stripping machinery. So he and Bronson brought it to Richwood and put it in their Museum of the Hills, a storehouse of things that have meaning to West Virginia and West Virginians. It is located in Richwood where Jim lives and where he publishes Hillbilly.

stock kept the pens she used to sell to raise money to buy her home with. Also pictured is Jim Comstock's daughter, Mrs. Fred Ferguson.

## Jim's Paper Plans Purchase Pearl Buck House

Jim Comstock was actually alarmed when he first heard that for some unexplainable reason, the leadership of West Virginia had flaunted the gift of the birthplace of Pearl Buck.

The editor was doubly alarmed when the Nobel Prize winner, either miffed at such treatment from her home state, or genuinely sorry for a state which was too economically depressed, to do anything about accepting the Hillsboro house in which she was born and in which her mother had been born before her, withdrew her offer.

That was when somebody had to do something. Jim Comstock decided, or somebody would buy the place up for a hotdog stand and start selling made-in-Japan novelties there in the name of the woman who gave "The Good Earth" to the world and who was born there.

Jim Comstock said to his partner Bronson McClung, "Let's raise the money and buy the house. Then we can let the people of West Virginia bail us out."

Bronson McClung liked the idea, and at the present time two things are going on: The two publishers are negotiating for the

house; the people of West Virginia are sending in contributions.

But the contributions aren't to be just out-right gifts, Jim Comstock decided. Each donor would get something in turn. A five dollar contribution gets the giver a pen that Pearl Buck autographed her books with. A ten dollar contribution nets the giver a copy

(Turn To Page 10)





# THE JIM COMSTOCK STORY

PAGE SEVEN

## While Politicians Talked, Comstock Did For The Aged

Jim Comstock announced his candidacy for the old folks of Kanawha and Webster County last night.

At the celebration of this party, Magistrate of La Frank and Poling of Richwood, Democrats. And they give this party a Republican candidate?

Poling puts it this

Jim Comstock was working on old people, when the politicians were just talking

Poling said this: "There is something that people need that the government and nobody else can give, and that is company of your own age. But Jim Comstock could, and did. He and Bronson McClung have met every year and we old folks got together for that much of time and talk of the things we knew and like to remember."

The Past 80 Party was an outgrowth of Jim Comstock's newspaper. He thought from the very first that the one thing that old people needed was companionship. Jim never dreamed that they could be brought together in the past but he knew they could be brought together in his paper. So he started the Past 80 Club.

He went about photographing them and writing up their lives. All they had to do to join was to have lived 80 years.

One day Bronson said, "We don't we have a little something for everybody

who has been featured in the paper and let them meet each other?"

Jim said, "Why not have all past 80 people whether they have been written up or not, come and have a sandwich and a cup of coffee. We could use a church or something."

Out of that grew the Past 80 Party. It was held in the high school gym, and later in the armory. One year 333 came from all over the two-county area. They came and ate the food the people of the town brought in. They came

and they got presents off a Christmas tree. They came and they were treated royally and they were waited on by Congressmen, Senators, mayors. They came and they went away saying that this was the greatest one day in their lives.

Now the Jaycees have taken over this job and Jim Comstock uses the time he devoted to the Past 80 Party to think up new ideas for his community and state. But his idea of bringing the old folks together lives on.

## Cass Railroad Steam F



## You Will Say This Is The Strangest Ad You Ever Read

This is a political ad, paid for by Kanawha County people who want to send Jim Comstock to Congress. The material used on these four pages has been prepared by three volunteers for Jim Comstock, Don Springer, Brud Warner and Dave Browne with the assistance of a candidate, and from conversations with his friends in Richwood and from a perusal of the paper. We three, plus those who have made this message possible with their contributions, feel that Jim Comstock as editor has done more for West Virginia than the average elected Congressman and endorse him most highly knowing how much more he will do for the state of West Virginia if he is elected. We ask both Democrats and Republicans to read this JIM COMSTOCK STORY and then agree with us that he is the kind of man we need in Washington. If more copies are needed, we will be most happy to supply them. Write Jim Comstock for Congress Headquarters, Corner Broad and Quarrier, Charleston, W. Va.

Brud Warner  
Don Springer  
Dave Browne



WHEN PEARL BUCK VISITED JIM COMSTOCK

One of the most stops in West Virginia for Pearl Buck, when that Nobel Prize winner came to get two college degrees last year, was in Richwood to visit Jim Comstock. She autographed books and Comstock kept the pens she used to sell to raise money to buy her home with. Also pictured is Jim Comstock's daughter, Mrs. Fred Ferguson.

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Jim Comstock's reason for it, in it rather than that it

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AL AND  
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ELECTRIC, INC.  
TIVE SUPPLY

you will find  
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your store

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and Flashes  
Equipment  
with Augers  
Generators  
etc.

# THE JIM COMSTOCK STORY

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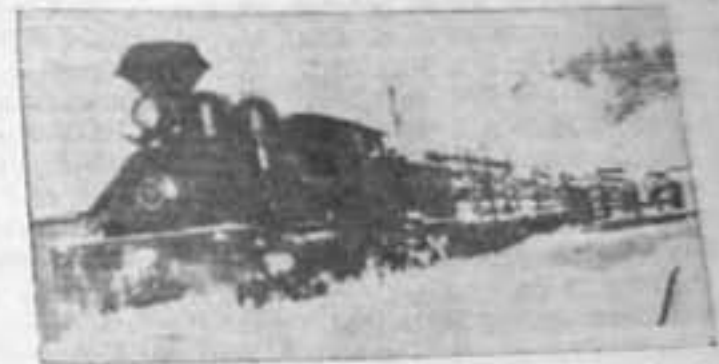
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Brud Warner  
Don Springer  
Dave Browne

Everybody who has ever been to Cass to ride the famous Cass tourist railroad thanks Jim Comstock whether he knows it or not.

Without the untiring efforts of Jim Comstock and his paper, the West Virginia Hillbilly, the Cass Railroad would now be scrap iron today.

The beginning of the road goes back to a steam fan from Pennsylvania by the name of Ralph Baum. He found out that the Cass Railroad had been sold for junk.

He came to Bill Sperry the El Poca restaurant and motel in Marlinton. He told Bill that the state was depending itself of its greatest tourist attraction.

Bill Sperry told Baum to Jim Comstock. "He's the one who does things for West Virginia," Sperry said.

Did Life of Christ





### PHEW

Jim Comstock finds it necessary to tell you that his papers don't stink naturally. They just stink on special occasions, like when the time he put ramps in the ink and got the dander of Postmaster Wheeler Green up, and also got a reprimend from the Postmaster General.

## People Out Of State Learn About West Virginia

Many sections of the United States have learned that West Virginia isn't the bad place that the politicians and magazine writers paint it.

Jim Comstock tells them.

In Ohio a bunch of engineers got the message. In Pennsylvania, a houseful of industrialists heard him one night. In Syracuse, New York, weekly newspaper men from all over the Empire state got a new concept of West Virginia. He has appeared in Virginia, Indiana, Chicago. And the burden of his message is a good humored attack on people who pick the bones and the pockets of poverty of Appalachia.

Recently Jim Comstock gave his "Don't Let Them Steal Our Depression" before lumbermen in New Orleans. The next night he talked about medicine in the hills of West Virginia before a Michigan doctors group. Next month he will speak to the newspapermen of Florida and later he will address a doctors organization in Ohio.

Wherever he goes he shines up the state's image, tells people it is a good place to visit, and a better place to put in an industrial plant.



**IF ELECTED, HILLBILLY  
WILL BE PUBLISHED  
FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.**

In answer to a frequently asked question these days, Jim Comstock declares that if he is elected Congressman from the Third District, he will find time to edit the paper right from his office in Washington.

"I am going to do something that has never been done in this world before. I am going to do a blow-by-blow, day by day account of a Congressman's life. I am going to cover my days in Washington, just as I have been covering the West Virginia State Legislature. Whatever the Lord lets happen in that town and to me, I shall print it."

A lot of people are saying that that alone is worth sending Jim Comstock to Congress for.

OCTOBER 17, 1964



### THE OLD FOLKS GAVE JIM COMSTOCK A PARTY

When Jim Comstock announced for Congress, the old people of Nicholas and Webster County threw him a party. After all, they said, he has been giving them a party for several years — the Past 80 Party — so it was just a matter of equal time.

## Jim Comstock Works For The School System

School officials in Nicholas County say they never lose out on a school levy election. They say that Jim Comstock has something to do with that.

"I sure do," he said in answer to that question. "We lost the first one that I had anything to do with, but no more.

Down the years, he and Bronson McClung have worked closely with the schools to get out special editions at voting time.

## Jim Said: Let's Build A Hospital; It Was

One day the state fire marshal walked into the office of Sister Palmacia at the Sacred Heart Hospital in Richwood with bad

each month sent in a check for \$33.33 just like anybody else.

Come to Richwood if you want to see the sweetest hospital in these United States. And one of the best run.

And note that the door to the X-ray viewing room is named for Jim Comstock's and Bronson McClung's paper. And as a special tribute to them, it has a typographical error.

LIFE OF CHRIST  
(From Page 7)



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**OLD PEOPLE HAD SOMETHING REAL TO LIVE FOR**  
Yes, old people did have something to live for when Jim Comstock started the Past 80 Party for all past 80 West Virginians. Here a past 80 party goer gets her mother ready for the big event.

**GIVEN DINNER FOR  
EFFORTS TO END STRIKE**

One of the nice things  
paid Jim Comstock was  
the citizens of Bluefield  
him a testimonial dinner at  
University Club in the  
conditioned City  
tion of an editorial that  
wrote in his paper Bluefield

The editorial was aimed  
settling a strike at one of  
plants. The strike was to  
end that same week.





### ON THE GO

Jim Comstock is what you call "the working press." No grass grows under his feet when a story is to be covered, or when some job is to be done. Here you see him covering a mine explosion in Nicholas County. He'll work just as hard for you in Congress as he has worked for readers back home.

linx

GIVEN DINNER FOR  
EFFORTS TO END STRIKE

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## Smell That-A-Way

(From Page 1)

Out

fume). He said it's getting so there's no difference at all between a man's fragrance and a woman's fragrance.

Even the female perfume manufacturers feel like the men and women should smell different somehow, but they are not sure how, or exactly what the difference should be.

I went over to see Bob Mlekush, the oldest practicing druggist in Elkins, to see if he could tell me. When I asked him about "male scents" he said, "Don you are talking about perfume. I can't get close that stuff without getting asthma. Count me out." And that was that. Later on that afternoon we were sitting around at the Sabine Oral Polio Clinic at the Central School, and Carol Martin, he is a pharmacist up at the Family Drug Store, got to talking about men's fragrances and he was just as enthusiastic as Jack Neale had been. He said something like this. "Scented products in men have reached a volume equivalent to the sale of scented products to women."

He said women of all economic classes buy fragrances; that includes P.T.A., A.D.C., D.P.A. recipients as well as school teachers. All these in the lower end of the economic ladder hoard a little from their slender monthly budget to uplift their being, through "psychic essence," and to complement their "subconscious personalities."

Now men around here usually buy the \$1.00 to \$2.50 kind of fragrances, women will pay a lot more, and I'm afraid the men on the lower end of the pay scale don't buy any fragrances. Just think of that — virgin unscented field of unwashed underprivileged.

pheasant, fish and duck on the outside of the bottles. Kings Men and Seaforth are all kind of manly sounding. The names don't sound sissified, but they don't necessarily smell that way.

I have done some research in the encyclopedia and nobody in their right mind would believe what they say they put in perfumes and fragrances, like civet cat scent, muskox scent and whale puke to mention a few.

I looked up in the Fragrance Yearbook, published by Beauty Fashion, the Pope Publishing Company, New York City, about the smells women wear, just to be prepared for what men are in for, and they give you woody, mossy, leafy, floral, spicy, oriental, and heavy; for fragrances. This is very natural sounding. They have one called Blue Grass, called a floral bouquet, and it is sold in over twenty forms including aerosol perfume mist, hairset lotion, a bath mitt and a fluffy milk bath.

But, the names they put on their products are shameless. They start out with Amour Amour (that is French for love love).

Fille D'Eve (Adams Rib — Daughter of Eve kinder') fruity note — Apples.

Arden Love (floral).

Shocking (modern blend).

Private Affair (modern aldehyde floral).

C'est La Vie (this is the life. Three in one, floral, woodsy, exotic).

Tailspin (spicy).

Tigress (jungle bouquet).

Moment Supreme (indescribable).

My Folly or My Sin (indescribable).

Audacious (modern).

Conquest (Woody Rose and Jasmine).

In the Night (not described).

Aphrodesia (dry and sophis-

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### Bought By Women

Another thing is most of the men's expensive lines are bought by women, and most of the women's most expensive lines are bought by men.

Presently Dick Paul came through the line to get his Type II Sabine sugar cube. Dick runs Murphy's five and ten cent store. We asked him about fragrances for men and he said their biggest seller was bay rum but he didn't advise it and he thought most users of that cosmetic didn't really care for the fragrance part anyway. Dick said Murphy's had a full line of colognes, after shaves, hair preparations and perfumes, some of them for men.

He said that when men get beyond middle age, they begin to smell stronger and they need something to cover up the perspiration odor. He said another thing, a lot of men didn't know how to use cologne or perfume. It took just a touch or a drop placed on a

Arden Love (floral).  
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Conquest (Woody Rose and Jasmine).  
In the Night (not described).  
Aphrodesia (dry and sophisticated—the dictionaries don't agree exactly).

Now if there was one clean-sounding smell in the lot, I don't know what it was. It looks like they want to start a war or something—and the price they pay for that stuff would do justice to a war debt.

If men are going to have to fight their way through all those scents, they are going to need some help to offset those shameful and suggestive names on the female fragrances. It ain't right for women to fool around with what nature intended. The world is in too delicate a balance the way it is now. Animals, like dogs, can tell a kind person or a mean person just by smelling them. But men can't tell what a woman has on her mind unless he reads the label on her perfume bottle.

We are fortunate to live in West Virginia where there's enough space between people so we don't have to pick up the scent unless we have a mind to.

It's a wonder there ain't a lot more crime than there is in cities where people have to live armpit



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He said that when men get beyond middle age, they begin to smell stronger and they need something to cover up the perspiration odor. He said another thing, a lot of men didn't know how to use cologne or perfume. It took just a touch or a drop placed on a pulse spot on the body so that the body heat would gradually release its beauty. He was enthusiastic about what fragrances could do. He said even a fellow on A.D.C. could afford to buy fragrances at his store.

What is the difference between men's and women's fragrances? In my sniffing opinion 'tis all in the name they put on the outside of the container. For men, it's Top Brass, English Leather, The Sportamen Line, with the

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## Tumult On T

The S  
Lumbering in West

By Roy B

Illustrated by V

\$1

HILLBILLY BOOKSHOP

OCTOBER 17, 1964

to armpit and read each others fragrance labels.

A few years ago we bought some panther scent which we put at the base of the young apple trees. They advertised it in the Fruit Science Magazine to keep the bunnies and deer from nibbling the bark off of the young trees. It worked just fine, the deer would make a path right around the trees and the bunnies would sit out twenty or thirty feet and sniff respectfully at the panther fragrance. Now that gave me an idea for a new Hillbilly industry—Hillbilly Fragrance, Inc.—dedicated to super scents—for men only.

### **"Bull Of The Woods"**

The first fragrance would be called "Bull of the Woods," a blend of sawdust, dirt, tobacco, with skunk and panther scent dissolved in bear grease. This scent has authority anywhere. It commands immediate attention.



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The second fragrance would be called "Sixteen Tons." A bouquet of coal, mud, muscle, blood, sweat, skin, bones. It has a lot of body. This scent carries the message "You better step aside."

Fragrances are apparently even more important now than drugs. The congress has turned the drugs over to the FDA, the Federal Drug Authority, but they keep their own fragrances inviolate.

Congress has shown a remarkable strength of purpose in hiding smelly problems in their own chambers without allowing outside interference.

We want Comstock to go to Congress prepared to stand on his own fragrance. I would recommend "Bull of the Woods" for his maiden speech, that panther based scent would command at-

own fragrance. I would recommend "Bull of the Woods" for his maiden speech, that panther based scent would command attention. By the time he is ready for his second speech, they might even decide to create another Bureau or Authority to keep up with smelly problems—those they want to keep out of scent and sight. It might be called the FFA—Federal Fragrance Authority.


Internationally the French lead the world in the field of fragrance, some say they have a monopoly.

That great French leader, De-Gaulle, has turned his magnificent nose up in the air of late to all recommendations made by the U.S.A.

This isn't a cold war—it's a hot war. Our diplomats can fight it out in the fields of fragrance, armed with "Sixteen Tons." Its messages is "You Better Watch Out" or, "You'd Better Step Aside."

So proudly we hail "Bull of the Woods" and "Sixteen Tons," the Hillbilly male scents; fragrances to set our sex apart; fragrances which leave no doubt that ours is a powerful country. And further scents to adequately represent the dominant fragrance of our male gender, at home and abroad.

Don Roberts is an Elkins physician.





# MORE ABOUT PANTHERS

By Walter Curutte

The tale (Hillbilly 9-26-64) of the Kennison Mountain panther reminds me of the time, around 15 years ago, when I was on a hunting trip with three companions in the mountains near the Virginia line.

The four of us were roughing it as we had very little in the way of hunting and camping equipment. We cooked over an open fire in a little place we cleared off, two of the fellows slept in a little pup tent and the other man and I bunked in the back of a station wagon. The weather was nice and we were having a great time.

In a few days we began to run short of certain provisions so my pal and I took the wagon and drove the ten rough miles to the nearest little town.

We got back to camp late in the night and was surprised to see that the others had not gone to bed, in fact they had a bonfire going and were very excited. Excited is hardly the word. These guys were scared nearly out of their wits.

They claimed a mountain lion, or panther, had been prowling the brush that ringed the tent. They were for packing up and getting out of there right now!

No, they had not actually seen the animal, but they gave us a very vivid account of his actions.

It seems that they had let the fire die down and were getting ready to turn in when they heard a twig snap on the hill above them. Thinking that it was a

deer or some other comparatively harmless animal they paid little attention to it, but when the prowler started circling the camp, one of them walked toward the spot where the animal seemed to be. He had taken only ten or twelve steps and was bending over to pick up a club when the strange animal let out a bloodcurdling roar.

"I jumped three feet straight up, and turned around right in the middle of the air," Charley told me. "I don't know what all went through my mind as I leaped back to the fire, except that a lion must be loose in the woods. I still had the club in my hands and I stood there looking for something to charge any minute. Jim built the fire up and we felt a little safer, but we soon ran out of firewood. Believe me, it was a little ticklish gathering more wood until we had a big fire going. This drove the animal back in the woods, but we could still hear him moving and growling low in his throat. We could still hear him until your headlights hit this spot, then he seemed to leave. Let's get out of here!"

Bob and I had a tough time getting them calmed down and to bed. They swore they would not stay unless we all crowded into the station wagon together.

But after we pointed out that no panthers had been killed in the state in our lifetime and that the Conservation Commission had time and again denied ru-

(Turn To Page 10)

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## No One Can Give The Rebel Yell

By Ralph Fisher in

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The Rebel yell developed early. It scared the Yankees at the first battle of Manassas and it was heard on every battlefield after that until Appomattox. It was the South's secret weapon that really struck fear into the hearts of its enemies.

There never has been anything like it. The yells at intersectional football games are poor imitations. Even the veterans themselves weren't able to give the actual bona-fide yell when they assembled at reunions after the war.

There were reasons for that. To get the real, genuine yell there had to be thousands joining in. Those thousands had to be stirred by emotions brought on by battle.

No writer has ever been able to transcribe that

it in a way to indicate its effect. But the effect on others is well known.

The real Rebel yell was battle born. Marching men might raise a shout at the sight of a pretty girl, or cheer in admiration of a general, or jeer to show their derision for someone they detested. The Rebel yell rose only on the field of battle.

So, although many things about the Civil War have been dug up, refound or re-enacted during the Centennial, you're not ever going to hear a yell such as resounded from Rebel throats on such fields as Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, or Chickamauga.

The men who fought those battles raised a cry that will not be heard again.

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Lumbering in West

By Roy B

Illustrated by V



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The Story

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HILLBILLY BOOKSHOP —

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### Moses Moore

It was on the big Cloverlick boundary somewhere that the pioneer Moses Moore was captured by the Indians, while in camp on a Sunday. I have always figured out that the site of his camp was in the Stony Bottom community. This was then part of Major Warwick's holdings.

The Indians came upon Mr. Moore as he was reading his Bible; took him captive; tied him up; went away long enough to go two miles and return. They brought with them lead ore which they melted in Mr. Moore's ladle. Then they went on to the village in Ohio. I had always understood from the late Aaron Moore, great-grandson of Moses Moore, that the Indians took the old pioneer from his camp on Greenbrier River to the low place in the mountain at the head of Clover Creek, and from there they went for the ore. Douglas McNeill had it from his father, the late Captain James McNeill, who got it from his grandmother, Phoebe Moore McNeill, that her father was camped on the Cloverlick lands and that the excursion for lead was made from the camp near Greenbrier River and not from the low place on the Elk divide.

A main route for emigration from Maryland, Pennsylvania

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Lumbering in West Virginia 1770

By Roy B. Clarkson

Illustrated by William A. L

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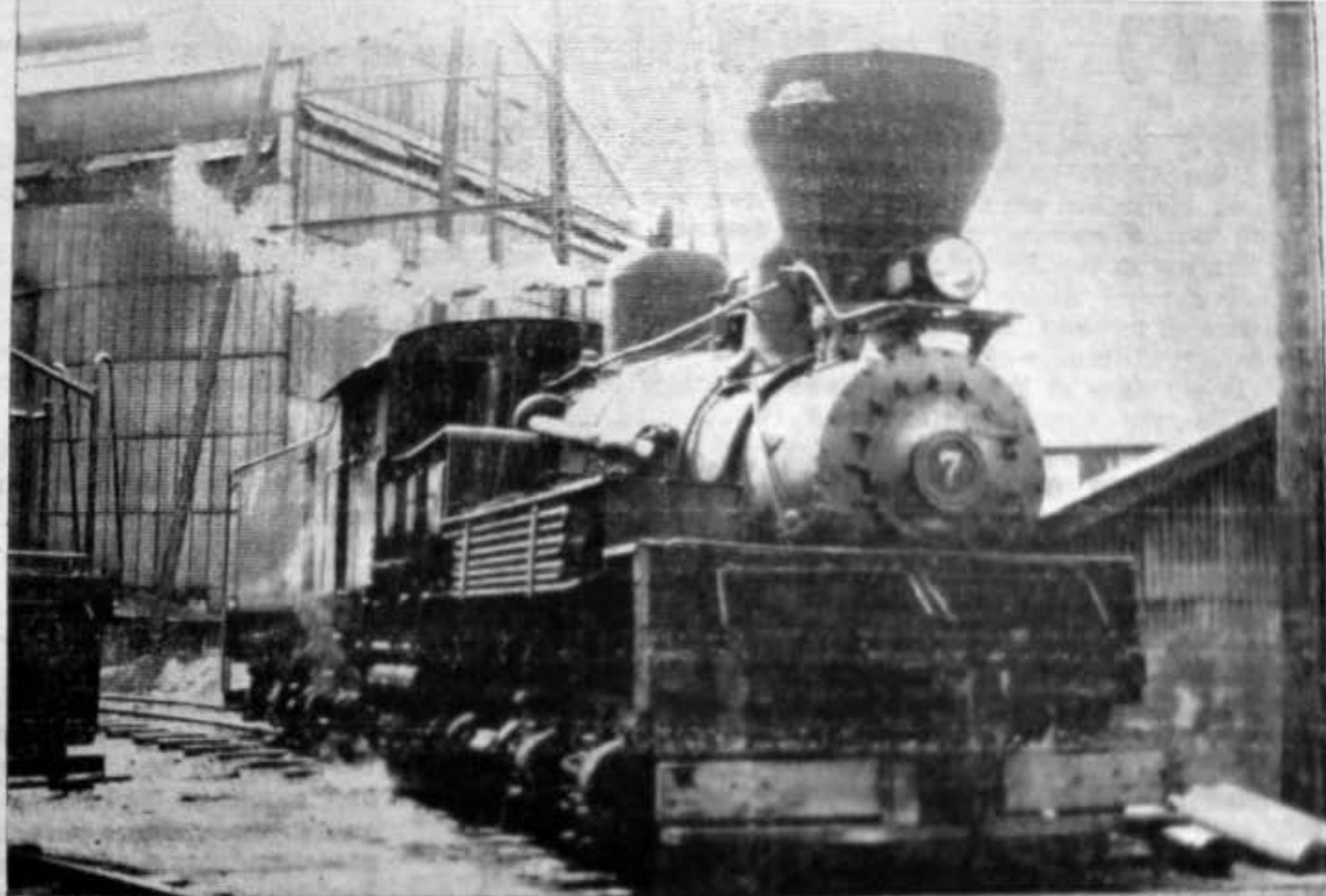
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## *New Shay Joins The Cass Railroad*

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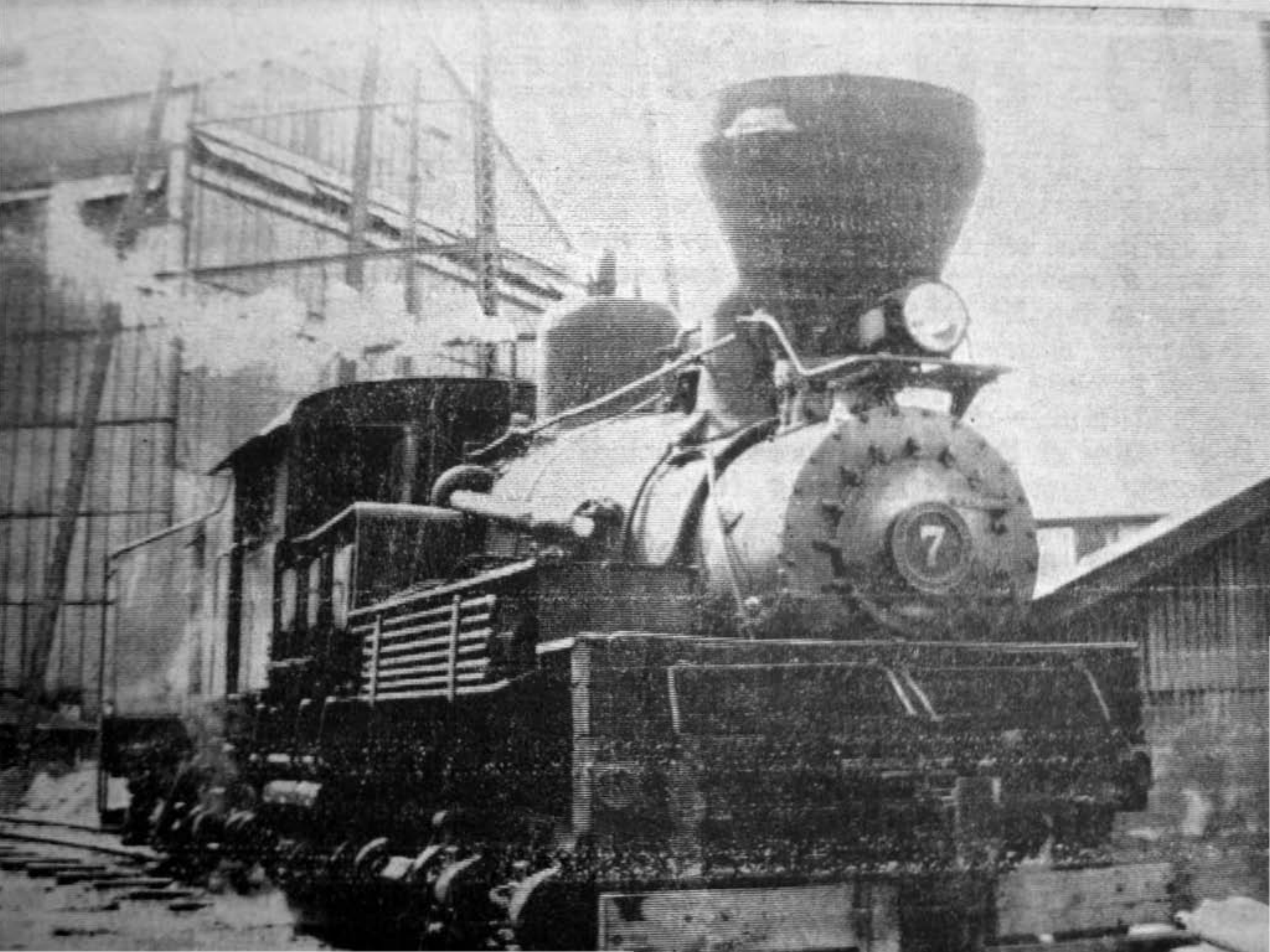
This Shay was transferred to the Meadow River Lumber Company at Rainelle, W. Va. in the late 1930's and renumbered 7. The Shay was in regular service until 1958 when the company dieselized their rail operations. From 1958 until 1964 the engine was maintained in operating condition and utilized during peak traffic periods. The last time that 7 ran out of Rainelle was in September of 1964 when she pulled a track maintenance train up Big Clear Creek above Charmco and Anjean, W. Va. The 7 will retain her same number on the Cass Scenic Railroad, although the distinctive "oversized balloon" smokestack will probably be replaced with one of the Ca's RR's diamond-shaped stacks. (The 7 will be moved from Rainelle to Cass under steam via the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway tracks. A photo-report on this unique movement will appear in an upcoming issue of Hillbilly.)

(Photography by John P. Killoran.)

## B&O CUTS FARES

The Baltimore & Ohio Rail-





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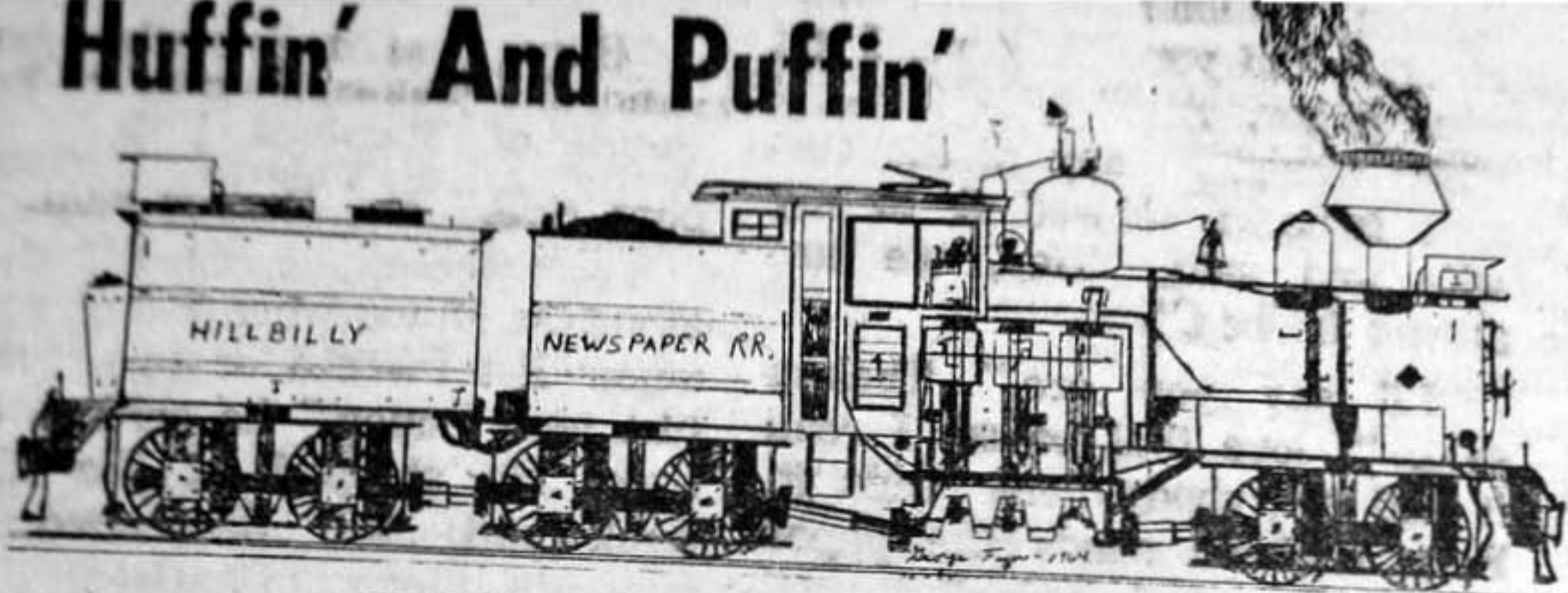
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(Photography by John P. Killoran)



# Huffin' And Puffin'



## Webster Springs

Upon noticing the picture of the Webster Springs' Flyer in the recent issue of your paper, I am sending along some information concerning it.

The engine number isn't visible in the picture but it looks like No. 10, and was a West Virginia Midland passenger train. The man in the foreground is the late W. L. "Bill" Smith who for many years was night watchman for the W. va. M. Railroad Co. His

Park. Lived there until 1948 when I was out of the service of the Great Northern Railway on account of disability.

**Note:** Mr. Martins is an Elkins steam buff and resides at 1 Spruce Street, that city.

son and daughter, Ralph and Opal, are the children in the picture. Both live at Webster Springs.

The Mrs. Benedum mentioned was the widow of a Dr. Benedum who practiced medicine here before the turn of the century. She operated a hotel when this was a resort town. Dr. Benedum and the Great Wildcatter, Mike, were related but I don't know to what degree.

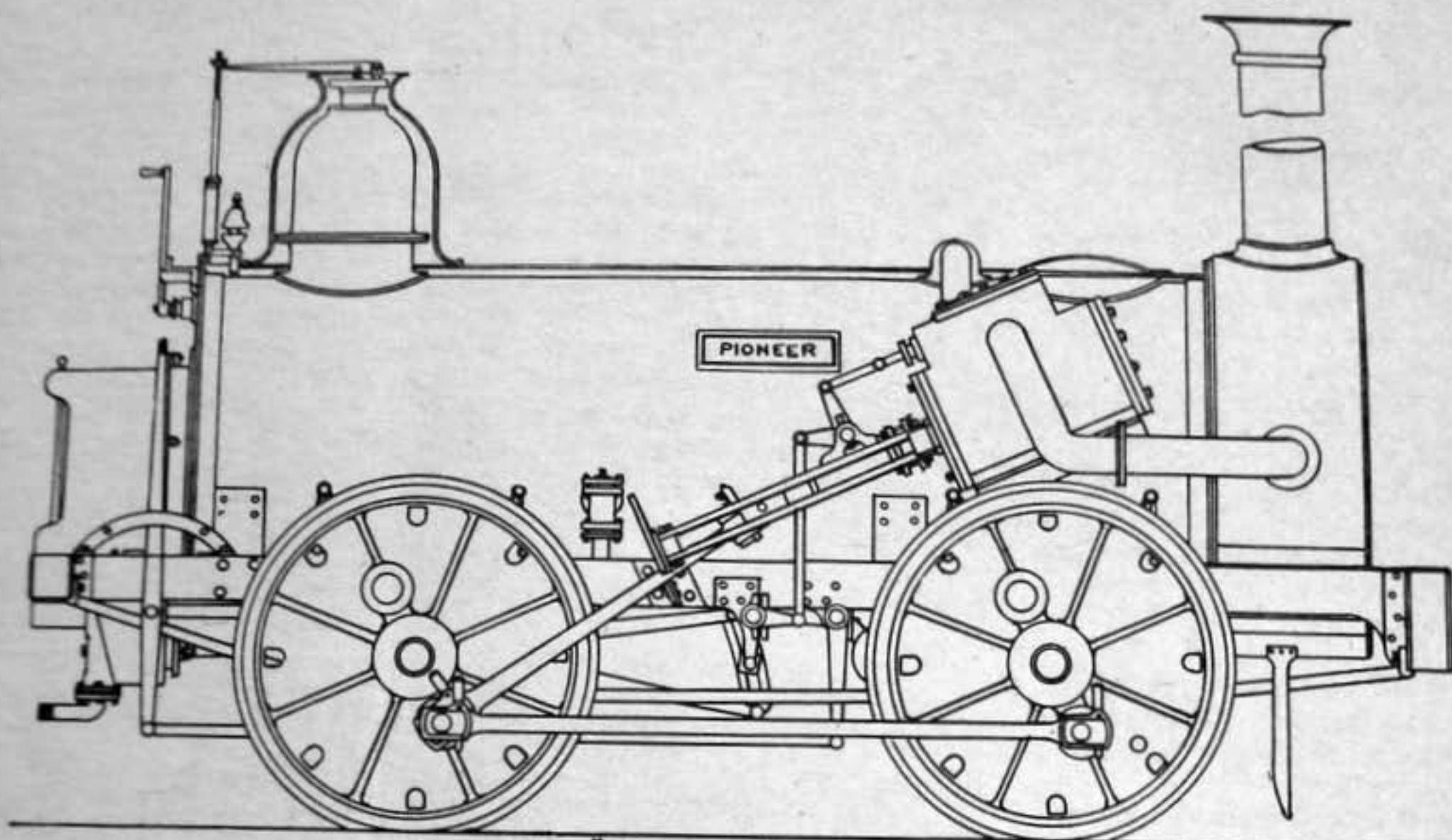
Some of Dr. Benedum's grandchildren are: Atty. Byron Randolph, Clarksburg; Harry H. Hamilton, city editor of a Richmond, va., paper; and Mrs. Delores Leffingwell of Webster Springs.

Stuart Criss

JAN.-DEC.  
1972



## Pictorial History of the Locomotive (1899) by William Wright



The "Pioneer", 1850.

### *— The Locomotive "Pioneer", 1850 —*

*This Locomotive was the first introduced on the St Andrews and Lunenburg Railway, which was the first railroad chartered in Canada.*

*The Pioneer was built by Robt. Stephenson and Co. Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1850.*

*For a number of years this Engine ran between St Andrews and Dumbarton on 45 lb V rails laid on longitudinal stringers.*

Thousand Dollar Scholarship  
**West Virginia Quiz**

QUESTIONS

381. One of Napoleon's officers, after teaching at West Point, came to West Virginia to build roads. Name him.

382. Where in West Virginia is Apple Pie Ridge, so named because the Quaker women of the vicinity brought pies to their all-day meetings?

383. At what town in West Virginia did General J. E. B. Stuart rendezvous his 1800 Confederate soldiers for his famous raid on Chambersburg, Pa.?

384. What West Virginia man refused to pay taxes to the new America and pledged himself and followers to "drink a health to George III and damnation to Congress"?

385. Nancy Hanks, many people declare, and swear to it almost, was born in West Virginia. Where, precisely?

386. Picture.

387. Where was the first Episcopal church established in West Virginia, the year being 1740?

388. What West Virginia town, although it was no doubt disturbed then, now makes tourist hay out of the fact that it changed hands 56 times during the Civil War?

389. Where do they send bad West Virginia boys to reform them?

390. Why would one Bailey Thornsberry Brown rate a granite monument in the town of Fetterman, a suburb of Grafton?

ANSWERS

381. Col. Claudius Crozet.

382. Near Bunker Hill in the Eastern Panhandle.

383. Darkesville.

384. John Claypole.

385. At Dolls Gap.

386. The men are salt drillers. This early picture by an unknown artist depicted the industry at Malden.

387. Bunker Hill.

388. Romney.

389. To Pruntytown.

386. ?  
we know, b





386. Picture.  
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388. Romney.  
389. To Pruntytown.  
390. He is said to be the first Confederate soldier killed in West Virginia action.

### QUESTIONS

391. Why, in 1861, did a group of men of the South Branch country meet in Faneuil Hall, which is an abandoned log tavern on the summit of Knobly Mountain?  
392. Picture.  
393. In 1914, President Woodrow Wilson, taking his cue from a West Virginia happening, issued a proclamation urging national observance of what special day?  
394. Where would you go in West Virginia if you wished to visit the shrine of Ann Jarvis?

### ANSWERS

391. They assembled to oppose secession and to opt for a new state.  
392. At Barracksville.  
393. Mother's Day.  
394. To Grafton.

392. At Parkersburg.  
393. Mother's Day.  
394. To Grafton.

## PRESIDENTS AND WEST VIRGINIA

395. This President owned more of West Virginia than Jay Rockefeller and the Federal Government combined.

396. This President sat down on a rock at Harpers Ferry and said that what he saw from where he sat was worth a trip across the ocean.

397. This President took his last train ride through West Virginia.

398. This President's John Henry snipped our umbilical cord.

399. This President said "I will!" in West Virginia.

400. This President allegedly left a wood's colt in Lewis County.

401. This President who really gave a dam for West Virginia, dedicated it, the Summersville Dam, where three other Presidents had been.

402. This President, traveling over the Midland Trail, reportedly stopped to attend a funeral in Ansted, because his name was the same as the woman's being buried there.

403. This President of the United States, without the fanfare which would go with a present President's presence, did his fishing in waters near Weston.

404. This President, writing the chronicles of the winning of the west, started with West Virginia.

## ANSWERS

395. George Washington.  
396. Thomas Jefferson.  
397. Dwight Eisenhower  
398. Abraham Lincoln.  
399. James Madison.  
400. William McKinley.  
401. Lyndon Johnson.  
402. Andrew Jackson.  
403. Grover Cleveland.  
404. Theodore Roosevelt.



### QUESTIONS

429. What West Virginia bank in what West Virginia town has a receipt for \$5,287.85, which was the bank's total resources in 1864, and drawn out by the Confederate army under Captain H. L. Branham?

430. Picture.

431. What West Virginia town was left with a \$15,000 stone foundation for a court house that it never got?

432. What part of our America was George Washington speaking of when he mentioned with certain reverence, West Augusta?

433. Picture

434. Picture.

435. Picture.

### ANSWERS

429. Weston National Bank of Weston.

430. Holly Grove Mansion, built in 1815.

431. Arnoldsburg, Calhoun County. The people voted to establish the county seat in Grantsville.

432. Western Virginia, now West Virginia.

433. Wheeling in the Ohio.

434. In Fairmont; the Watson mansion

435. The West Virginia State Capitol

---

### THEY SAID IT!

Identify the source of these ten quotations.

436. "Hindians call me the Great White Squaw and I halways carry a hax and a hauger, and can chop as well as hany man, and ham such han expert with the rifle that

### THEY SAID IT!

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436. "Hindians call me the Great White Squaw and I halways carry a hax and a hauger, and can chop as well as hany man, and ham such han expert with the rifle that I can shoot a howl from a helm tree across Helk River."

437. "I am a dedicated man of the cloth and on the knuckles on my left hand are the letters l-o-v-e and on the right, h-a-t-e."

438. "Let's cross over the river and sit in the shade of the trees."

439. "President Roosevelt sent me two pistols, and told me to defend my charge, a poor and miserable native of the country of Lebanon, and afflicted with leprosy, until such time as I could deliver him to New York and there put him aboard an ocean liner and accompany him to his native land and there leave him."

440. "It is better a maid should die, than a man."

441. "Ah, if I could but return to that heavenly isle in the Ohio . . ."

442. "We are happy, sir, that you have found time to visit us at the White House, and we hope you have enjoyed your dinner. If you will now look behind you, you may select your dessert. Ah, those sparkling gelatin statues, one of a ferocious tiger, the other, a beautiful lady. Which will it be, the lady or the tiger?"

443. "Ah, if I could but return to my home in the pleasant hills of West Virginia, to that little town of Hillsboro where I was born, and gave birth to my child, perhaps it would live, and not die as the others have done."

444. "A little bit of each, ma'am."

445. "Blood's my natural drink — and the wails of the dying is music to my ears. I'm the original iron-jawed, brass-mouthed corpse-maker — sired by a hurricane, dammed by an earthquake, half brother to the smallpox . . . I'm a ring-tail dazzler and a swivel-backed lallapaloosa! I'm half wild horse and half crocodile! I'm a roarin' ripsnorter and chock-full o' fight! I can wrestle a buffalo and chaw the ear off a grizzly!!! . . . I'm a child o' the snappin' turtle, raised on alligator meat and weaned on panther's milk! I can outrun, outjump, outshoot, outdrink, throw down, hog-tie, rough-and-tumble and no holds barred, drag out and lick any man on both sides of the river from Pittsburgh to New Orleans? Y-i-i-i-i-i-



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### ANSWERS

- 436. Mad Anne Bailey.
- 437. Preacher in "Night of the Hunter" by Davis Grubb.
- 438. Stonewall Jackson.
- 439. Dr. J. L. Cunningham
- 440. Betty Zane.
- 441. Either or both, Harman Blennerhassett and his wife Margaret Agnew Blennerhassett.
- 442. An unidentified First Lady
- 443. Pearl Buck's mother.
- 444. Frank Stockton.
- 445. Mike Fink.

### QUESTIONS

446. What West Virginia jurist had the distinction of his first name being a county seat of the county bearing his last name?

447. If you were a Seventh Day Baptist and wanted to go to a college fitting your denomination, in what West Virginia college would you enroll?

### ANSWERS

- 446. Spencer Roane.
- 447. Salem College.

(More Questions To Come)





## There She Blows

be in the industrial volume of the 25 extra supplemental volumes of the 50-volume encyclopedia. The almost nuclear explosion here is wrought by nitroglycerine and was a commonplace scene around 1895 in the Mountain State.

It would take many words to tell the story which this picture does by itself. It is one of many which will



# The Indian In W. Va.

By Jim Creasy



WE ARE ACCUSTOMED to think of our country as a new land — a land without age-old ruins; a land without the legends and traditions born in countries that were inhabited in the days when the world was young. It is true that we have no ruined castles, no battered city walls, no splendid cathedrals whose origin is lost in the mist of antiquity; but scattered about over the State of West Virginia we have ruins of monuments and great earthworks left by a race that had vanished long before Columbus found his way to the western hemisphere. The age of these ruins is only conjectural, but they can be safely said to date well back to the early years of the Christian era. These great earth mounds and walls were erected by a people known as the Mound Builders, a name given them for lack of a better one and because the mounds were the only visible evidence left of their presence.

This great race — they must have been a great and populous nation — occupied the greater part of what is now West Virginia. Their

# There She Blows

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mounds are found in many sections east of the Allegheny mountains, but who they were or where they went is a question that has never been satisfactorily solved. Their origin is shrouded in the same cloud of doubt that envelops their exit from this section. By some it is thought they were the ancestors of an off-

shoot of the powerful and highly civilized Aztecs and Mayas of Mexico and Central America; an ethnic stock possessing a civilization equal, if not superior, to that of the Spanish Conquistadores who conquered them and destroyed their cities and their civilization. Some hold that the Mound Builders did not become extinct as a race, but that they were the ancestors of the smaller boned race which inhabited the country when Columbus discovered America. This question has long been a subject of serious inquiry, and has been fruitful of discussion among the learned ethnologists, archaeologists and antiquarians of the world.

Some of the most noted remains of this mysterious race are found in West Virginia. That one known as the Grave Creek Mound, at Moundsville, is sixty-nine feet in height and has a base circumference of nine hundred feet. The earth for this mound was carried some distance and it must have taken years to raise it to its great height. What great labor was expended, and for what purpose was it erected? As a burial place for the honored of the race, its counterpart is found in the Great Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt and its erection seems to have been born of the same idea. The great age of this mound is indicated by the fact that at the time it was opened in 1838 a great oak was removed from its

brated Grave Creek stone was inscribed with characters that baffled the men to do

Along with a great and more the early which years the cupation of the thorough forty years and around by the and it was and objects new data material knowledge race. In stone was acres, tried from hilltop, ological less of industry ers can ering state.

Whether ers were race by ease; w to some whether became race po try, is haps ne torily they cea mounds.

## Behind The Scene Encyclopedia's Making

the West Virginia Heritage encyclopedia what goes into the 50-volume set, but he the how's, the wherefore's and the why's. the how right now. Okay, first off there's a girl at the console. Pretty soon there will be a 16-hour tour of duty. Their job is to put the words which the editor and staff put away from Arch Moore to Zither. And their job is to put into narrow strips of type. And it's their job to put strips of paper to fit the page size of "up." Then somebody else will put their negatives and make a negative. And then somebody else will put the sheets on the press and . . . and it.

I tell you more from time to time. Right now I tell you that you can get in on the pre- \$200, which you don't need an IBM computer to save a savings of \$200 over the publication. The job is finished in 1974. Why 1974? Good thing Comstock's way of commemorating the American Revolution, fought where the Great Ohio at a point that wasn't at all pleasant Point Pleasant. Use the coupon below to going to celebrate that historical event



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I will tell you more from time to time. Right now I will tell you that you can get in on the pre-publication savings of \$200, which you don't need an IBM computer for. The job is finished in 1974. Why 1974? Good thing Comstock's way of commemorating the American Revolution, fought where the Great Point Pleasant. Use the coupon below to get going to celebrate that historical event

-----  
I am ordering a set of the 50-volume encyclopedia for an entire amount of \$200 paid by Jan. 1, 1974. I understand you will acknowledge my order and will assign me a number in line of purchase so that I will not be billed for any payments until I send a periodic accounting. I understand you will send one payment in addition to the \$200 for the set upon completion of the project.

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I enclose payment. ( )  
I enclose a partial payment. ( )  
I enclose payments until total amount is paid. ( )

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of the powerful and high-civilized Aztecs and Mayas in Mexico and Central America. If their ethnic stock possess civilization equal, if not superior, to that of the Spanish conquistadores who conquered them and destroyed their cities and their civilization, we hold that the Mound Builders did not become extinct as a race, but that they are the ancestors of the colored race which inhabits the country when Columbus discovered America. This question has long been the subject of serious inquiry, and has been fruitful of discussion among the learned historians, archaeologists and geographers of the world. One of the most noted of these is the mysterious mound found in West Virginia at one known as the Great Creek Mound, at the base of which is sixty-nine feet high and has a base circumference of nine hundred feet. The earth for this mound was hauled some distance and it is estimated that some ten thousand men would have taken years to build it to its great height. What labor was expended and for what purpose was never known. As a burial place it is honored of the race, and a fragment is found in the Great Pyramid of Cheops and its erection have been born of the same idea. The great age of the mound is indicated

Whether the Mound Builders were extinguished as a race by war, famine or disease; whether they migrated to some other section, or whether they remained and became the ancestors of a race possessing less industry, is a question that per-

NEGROES WANTED  
LOCATED IN PALM  
WISH TO PURCHASE  
NUMBER OF  
MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN  
BOYS, FOR WHOM  
the rush of  
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timbers on  
sors, ghosts re  
air part in the  
maginative.  
Dixie Kilham



operation. The most important of these mounds were thoroughly examined about forty years ago by scientists and archaeologists sent out by the Smithsonian Institute, and it was from the remains and objects found here much new data was found, adding materially to our sum of knowledge relative to this race. In Fayette county a large stone wall enclosing many acres, built with stones carried from the valley to the hilltop, is one of the archaeological mysteries. Numberless other evidences of the industry of the Mound Builders can be pointed out, covering practically the entire state.

Whether the Mound Builders were extinguished as a race by war, famine or disease; whether they migrated to some other section, or whether they remained and became the ancestors of a race possessing less industry, is a question that perhaps never will be satisfactorily solved. At any rate, they ceased to erect the great mounds of earth and another people took their place on

(Continued On Page 12)

## Name In The Pot

We don't want anybody to do anything rash at the time that we are nearing the middle mark of our second thousand encyclopedia sales. There will be enough to go around if you will have a lot of time. Maybe. But if you want to be sure you get in on the pre-publication price of \$1.00 and save yourself \$200, maybe you had better get your name in the pot. You lost out on the first thousand, you

became of him, in one of his acts, but writer. If, perchance, he was act when o dungeon filled with an effort to free Fairmont in 1860, the others from bo here, and if the slave ne an already surely, their bones ion, and by 186

men believe the boy's story of hear ground cries and ing from an aban in Palatine. Even bers of men and searching for a dunc with suffering slave the river. Rumor dungeon and the are over there, it can be found...

Might it not be that such is true, following advertisement been inserted in newspaper:

NEGROES WANTED LOCATED IN PAL WISH TO PURCHA NUMBER OF MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, FOR WHICH PAY HIGHEST CASH THAT THE WILL JUSTIFY. WILL BUY NONE YEARS OLD UN

(Continued On Page 12)

## QUESTIONS

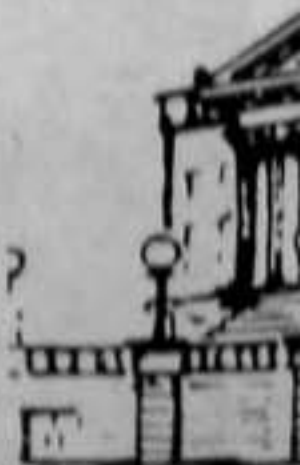
448. For whom was Beckley named?
449. What did Collis P. Huntington give to West Virginia other than his name to one of the state's principal towns?
450. Where would you find this monument in West Virginia: "A 15-foot metal statue of a Confederate soldier mounted on a granite base, in the center of a small triangular park with flowering shrubs. Erected in 1914, the monument bears an embossed likeness of General Robert E. Lee, and commemorates the Confederate soldiers of Greenbrier and New River Valley who followed Lee and Stonewall Jackson"?
451. A West Virginia town bears the "secret" or "sacred" name of the Princess Pocahontas. What town?
452. People are inclined to conclude that the name of Hamlin in Lincoln County was named for Hannibal Hamlin, Lincoln's first vice president, but it wasn't. Who was it named for?
453. It was a regrettable thing that the C&O Railroad missed the important town of Beckley by ten miles when the tracks were laid. Why did this happen?
454. What early West Virginia explorer wrote in his journal in 1745: "Where we came to this river, the country is mountainous, but the farther down, the plainer; in those mountains we found great plenty of coals, for which we named it Coal River"?
455. Incidentally, there is a memorial marker to John Peter Salley which commemorates his discovery of coal at a certain place in 1742. Where is this marker?
456. What one international event was responsible for turning the smokeless coal fields of Raleigh and other places along the now-defunct Virginian Railroad from only four mines to 100 by 1918?
457. Picture.
458. If you had a sudden yen to play golf at the Black Knight Country Club where would you go?
459. Where is the Mike Foster Monument, a ten-foot shaft of white marble erected in 1907, commemorating a Confederate soldier, a native of the New River Valley, whose bravery under fire is legendary in that region?
460. So, you want to see the re-enactment of all the fussin' and feudin' betwixt the Hatfields and the McCoys, do you? So, where will you go to see such?

## ANSWERS

448. General Alfred Beckley.
449. The C&O Railroad.
450. In Hinton.
451. Matoaka.
452. Named for Bishop Hamline and incorrectly spelled.
453. There was no Beckley then.
454. John Peter Salley.
455. In Racine.
456. World War I.
457. The Elk River at Charleston.
458. To Beckley.
459. In Hinton.
460. To Grand View Park, near Beckley.



457. This bridge one enormous span what town in 1904?



470. Locate t



480. What goes



454. John Peter Smith.  
 455. In Racine.  
 456. World War I.  
 457. The Elk River at Charleston.  
 458. To Beckley.  
 459. In Hinton  
 460. To Grand View Park, near Beckley..

480.



## QUESTIONS

461. There's a town in West Virginia where a Confederate monument waits patiently for the town to come and take it in. What town?

462. This fellow took a mouthful of West Virginia coal and went to work. Okay, what did he take and what job would he likely be working on?

463. In 1754, George Washington visited what cave with some soldiers who were members of what secret order?

464. What was the name of the home of Daniel Bedinger Lucas and where was it?

465. Once, William Jennings Bryan came to West Virginia to visit the graves of his grandparents. Where did he do this?

466. Who is the author of "The Flying Gray-Haired Yank," a book that depicts the Northern side of the war, with special reference to West Virginia, and which brings a pretty price in the antiquarian bookmarket?

467. What famous free-silver agitator of the post Civil War industrial era, born at Buffalo, Putnam County, became such an authority on finance that he was nicknamed to go with the subject?

468. West Virginia's most famous and respected short story writer, who wrote for the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines, and created the "act of God" ending for detective stories, lived at Lost Creek. Who was he?

469. Suppose you heard an old mountain woman singing an old ballad in a mountain home which you heard before and you reported this to a ballad authority. Likely he would tell you whether or not this was a Child ballad. Would he be referring to children?

470. Picture.

489. T  
section of  
ton. What f

## ANSWERS

461. Union, Monroe County.

462. He took a mouthful of Mail Pouch tobacco and he undoubtedly worked in the oil fields.

463. The cave is near Charles Town and the soldiers were masons.

464. Rion, in Charles Town.

465. At Ona.

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### \$1000 WAITS FOR SOME SMART KID

To the school teachers of West Virginia. You are invited to bring your classes, or your star students, or your one star student to West Virginia Tech at Montgomery on the morning of May 27 and enter him or her in the West Virginia Quiz Contest. The last one on his feet takes home a check for \$1000. Next to the last takes \$300. Next to the next to the last takes home \$100. It could be a feather in your cap, having produced a winner. Think about it. Back copies available in limited amounts. All questions asked come from this paper.

of oil and gas deposits, the proof of which led to the opening of oil and gas fields in this state?

### ANSWERS

- 501. Celebration of the completion of the C&O Railroad to the Ohio River.
- 502. Huntington.
- 503. Seneca Glass Company.
- 504. I. C. White.
- 505. Jacqueline Kennedy.
- 506. The Hatfield family.
- 507. Parkersburg.
- 508. It was a ruse to get a new court house.
- 509. The Reindeer.
- 510. I. D. White.

### QUESTIONS

511. Explain this event: "The little craft steamed upstream half a mile, making four miles per hour, turned and came down again, and for two hours plied back and forth before the excited and shouting spectators."

512. Name one early settler in West Virginia who had the word "ap" between his first and last name.

513. One of the earliest poems inspired by West Virginia and written by a West Virginian was called "The Deserted Isle." Who was the author?

Donnaughy. Germans crossed



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514. About 1730, some Pennsylvania Germans crossed the Potomac at Pack Horse Ford and formed a community called Mechlenburg for their former home in Germany. What is that town today?

515. What famous "drinkin' likker" came from Hugh Neeley's still in Monongalia County?

516. Somewhere in West Virginia is a wooden statue of Patrick Henry. Where?

517. In what West Virginia town did one Abram Shepherd sell ground to the Presbyterians on which to build a church for an annual payment of one ear of corn?

518. What famous canal, just outside the border of West Virginia, was an industrial and economic boom to the eastern part of West Virginia for some twenty years prior to the Civil War?

519. What West Virginia inventor dropped dead of a heart attack in England in 1791 and is buried there?

520. Nathaniel Willis was not a native West Virginian, but he is important to West Virginia. Why?

## ANSWERS

511. James Rumsey's steamboat.  
512. Either Morgan Morgan or Richard Morgan.  
513. Margaret Agnew Blennerhassett.  
514. Shepherdstown.  
515. Old Monongahela Rye.  
516. In Morgantown.  
517. Shepherdstown.  
518. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.  
519. James Rumsey.  
520. He edited Patomak Guardian, West Virginia's first newspaper.

## QUESTIONS

521. If you have a sweet tooth with a yen for black wainut

- 516. In Morgantown.
- 517. Shepherdstown.
- 518. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.
- 519. James Rumsey.
- 520. He edited Patomak Guardian, West Virginia's first newspaper.

## QUESTIONS

- 521. If you have a sweet tooth with a yen for black walnut cake and black walnut candy where would you go once a year to make that sweet tooth happy?
- 522. Darkesville wasn't named for the Darktown Strutters Ball. It was named for whom?
- 523. At what point in West Virginia did Lee lead his retreating forces from Gettysburg across the Potomac to enter Virginia?
- 524. Where would you go in West Virginia for a good mess of watercress?
- 525. In 1820, John Augustine Washington built himself a nice home where in West Virginia, naming it what?
- 526. William Makepeace Thackeray wrote his book "The Virginians" instead of one he had planned about California, because he stopped to visit what man in Charles Town who lived in a house called Cassilis?
- 527. Where did Daniel Bedinger Lucas write his "The Land Where We Were Dreaming"?
- 528. One might facetiously refer to the removal of the state capital from Wheeling to Charleston as a kind of three-ring circus because a certain circus clown was involved. Who was he?

## ANSWERS

- 521. To the Black Walnut Festival at Spencer.
- 522. General William Darke.
- 523. At Falling Waters.
- 524. In the Eastern Panhandle, near Falling Waters
- 525. Charles Town and "Blakeley."
- 526. John P. Kennedy.
- 527. In Canada.
- 528. John Lowlow.









Overflowing through the open door of the farthest passage upon the floor of the main corridor are the sprawling figures of men asleep.

## Early Illustrations of Leigh No. 5

It is doubtful that a thousand words would equal this picture in telling the story of the human distress in the world of unemployment at the turn of the century in America. William Robinson Leigh, West Virginia's gift to the world of art, did this along with thirty-one others to illustrate Professor (Princeton) Walter A. Wyckoff's "The Workers: East," which was published in 1898 and told this unhappy chapter in the life of America. Leigh went on to live a half century longer and to become the foremost painter of the American West. The entire series of "The Workers: East" illustrations will be carried in Hillbilly. This is the fifth.



## Coat of Arms



Hatfield

## Historiography

The Hatfield Coat of Arms illustrated left was drawn by an heraldic artist from information officially recorded in ancient heraldic archives. Documentation for the Hatfield Coat of Arms design can be found in Burke's General Armory. Heraldic artists of old developed their own unique language to describe an individual Coat of Arms. In their language, the Arms (shield) is as follows:

"Erm. on a chev. engr. sa. three cinquefoils or."

Above the shield and helmet is the Crest which is described as:

"An arm erect couped below the elbow, habited sa. cuffed ar. holding in the hand ppr. a cinquefoil slipped or."

When translated the blazon also describes the original colors of the Hatfield Arms and Crest as it appeared centuries ago.

Family mottos are believed to have originated as battle cries in medieval times.

A Motto was not recorded with this Hatfield Coat of Arms.

Individual surnames originated for the purpose of more specific identification.

The four primary sources for second names were: occupation, location, father's name, or personal characteristics. The surname Hatfield appears to be locational in origin, and is believed to be associated with the English, meaning, "one who came from Hatfield, (heather field)", the name of various places in England. The

supplementary sheet included with this report is designed to give you more information to further your understanding of the origin of names. Different spellings of the same original surname are a common occurrence. Dictionaries of surnames indicate probable spelling variations of Hatfield to be Hatfeld. Although bearer's of the old and distinguished Hatfield name comprise a small fraction of the population there are a number who have established for it a significant place in history. They include: THOMAS of HATFIELD (d. 1381) English Bishop of Durham, Keeper of the Privy Seal (1343). Between 1346 and 1355, he accompanied Edward III to France, and was officially appointed Bishop of Dunham between 1345 and 1381. Founded the Carmelite House of Northallerton, and a college in Oxford for Durham monks. MARTHA HATFIELD (fl. 1652) Celebrated cataleptic. Her case is described in "The Wise Virgin," written in 1653. EDWIN FRANCIS HATFIELD (1807-1876) American Presbyterian clergyman. Pastor of New York City from 1835 to 1856; Director and official of the Union Theological Seminary from 1846 to 1883. Author of "Universalism as it is" (1841), "Church Hymn Book" (1872-74), "The Early Annals of the Union Theological Seminary", written in 1876. R.G. HATFIELD (1815-1879), and brother, OLIVER PERRY HATFIELD (1819-1894) American architects of public buildings, chiefly in New York and New Jersey. Most famous building was for the Department of Charities and Correction on Randall's Island, known as the Institute for Deaf and Dumb. WILLIAM ANDERSON HATFIELD (1862-1930) American mountaineer of West Virginia and Kentucky. Prominent member of the family engaged in a long and deadly feud with the Mc Coy family. JAMES TAFT HATFIELD (1862-1945) American germanist, educated at Northwestern University.

